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PASTEL EXPRESSIONS

JAMES N. ROSENBERG

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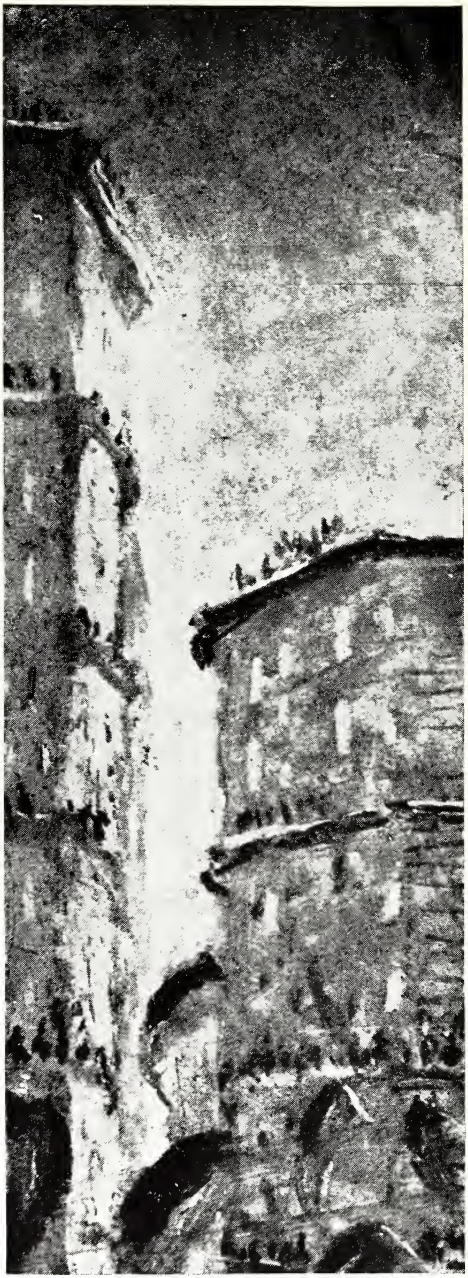
PASTEL EXPRESSIONS

By JAMES N. ROSENBERG



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PASTEL EXPRESSIONS

RETURN OF THE 27TH DIVISION

MARCH TWENTY-FIFTH, 1919

By JAMES N. ROSENBERG

NEW YORK
MITCHELL KENNERLEY
CHRISTMAS, 1919

WHEN I was asked to write a note, by way of introduction, to this volume of James N. Rosenberg's Pastel Expressions, I said to myself—You must erase from your mind all predilections about the work of the giants. This artist does not enter into competition with mighty professionals, living or gone. He is an amateur who paints in his spare hours because he loves the adventure of self-expression. You must delete from your memory such folk as Claude Lorrain and Winslow Homer, Cezanne and Claude Monet. You must ask yourself this question: Has this artist conveyed to you the emotion he felt on that glorious March 25th, when the 27th came Home; when, through our tears, we saw Fifth Avenue aflame with color, while the sun shone, and we watched the fluttering flags, heard the shouts, and gazed at the tin helmets, stern sign-manuals of the lines of keen, khaki figures, just back from overseas and from the grim business of war, so silent, so soldierly, marching away into the distance and into our hearts? Has this artist conveyed to us his emotion of that day?

The answer is—yes! What he felt of color and movement, of light brilliant, and light corpuscular, he has communicated. In his own quick way, in his own quick method, he has recorded that day of joy and sunshine, of eye elation and heart gratitude. Don't bother about Claude Lorrain, don't bother about Winslow Homer, or about Cezanne and Monet; don't bother about the giants of painting. Accept this artist's lyrical gift; rejoice in these whiffs of gladness. For Rosenberg has the sense of color, and although these Pastel Impressions must be reproduced here in black and white, believe me, for I have seen them, they lighten the walls where they hang and cheer the hearts of those who, through them, are reminded of that day in Spring when the 27th came home. War passes. Art remains. It is something, indeed, it is a triumph to have created beauty, swift and sensitive, out of the banal brutality of war.

C. LEWIS HIND

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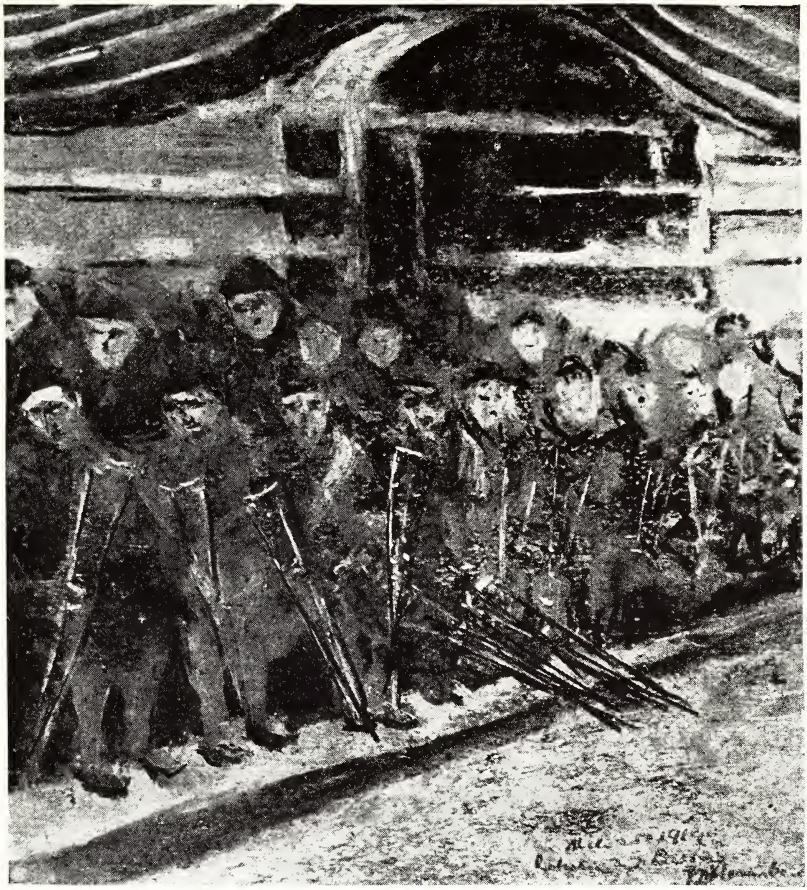
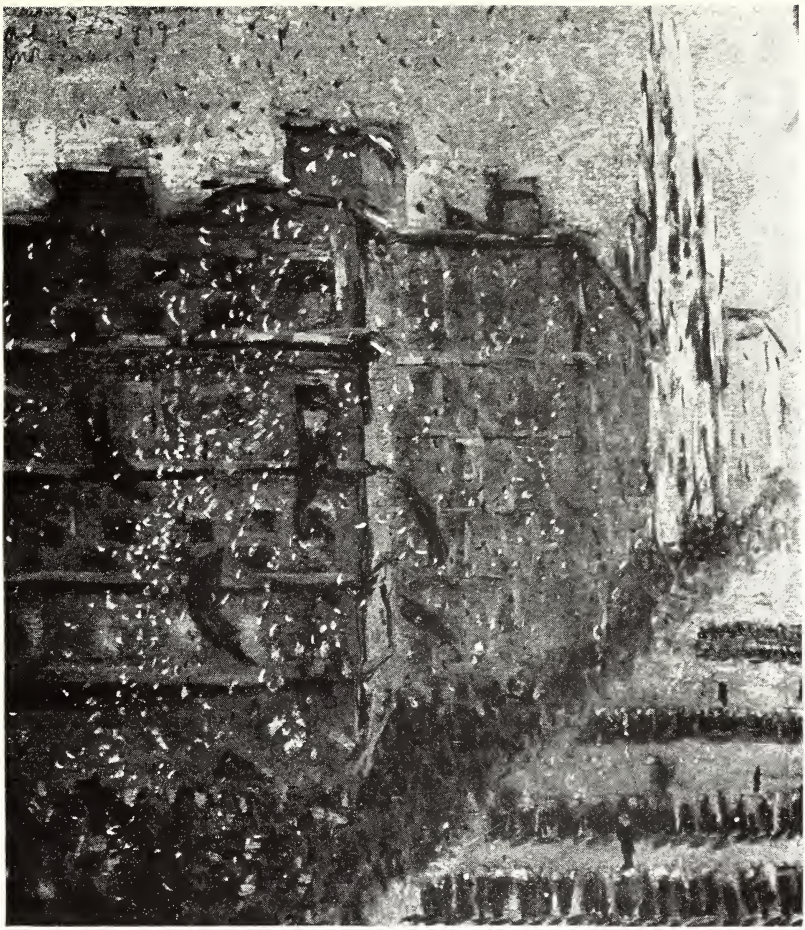
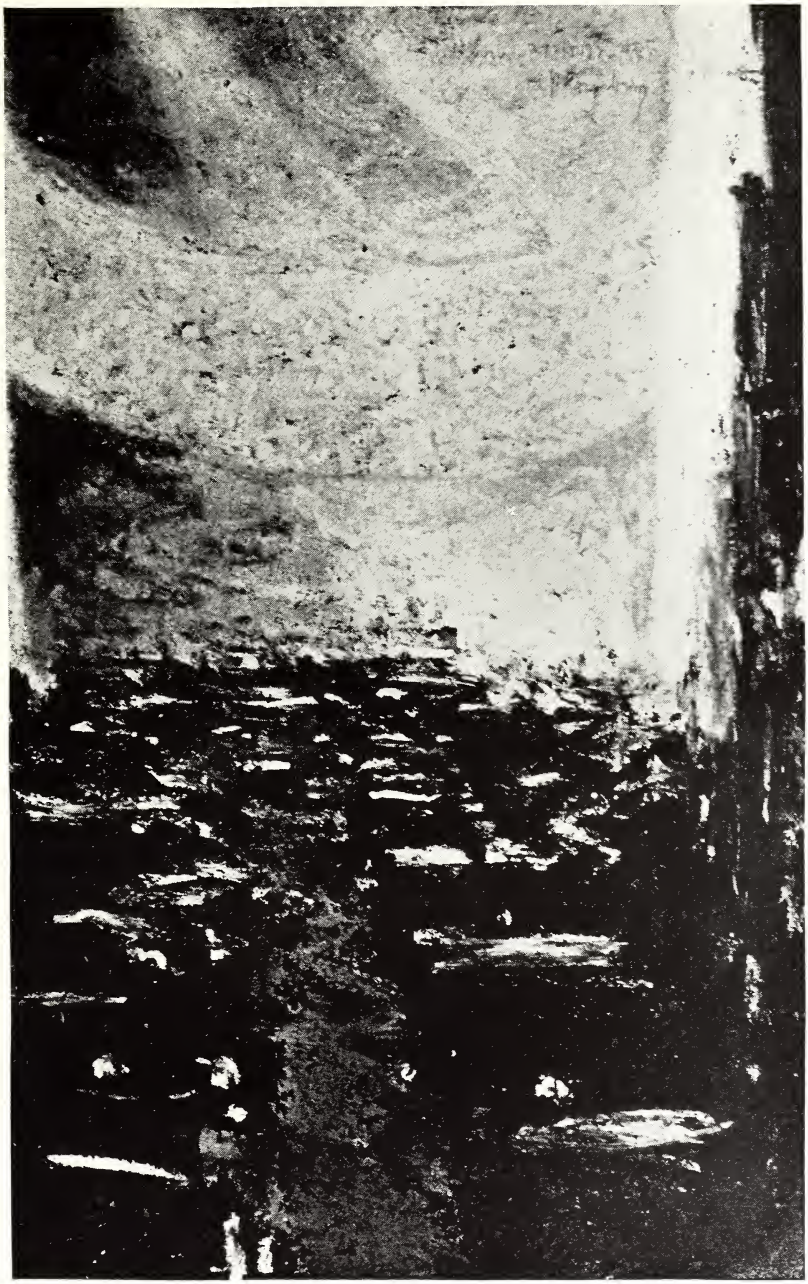
WASHINGTON ARCH



WOUNDED SOLDIERS ON THE CURB

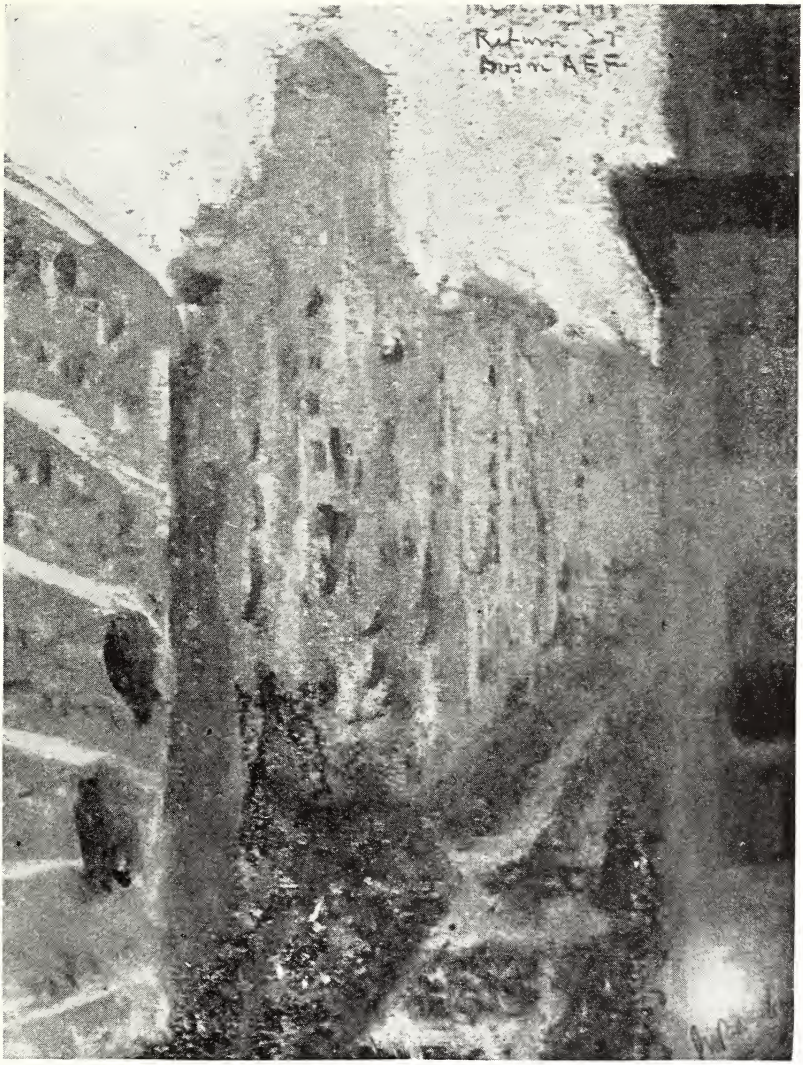


NEAR ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL



THE ARCH OF JEWELS

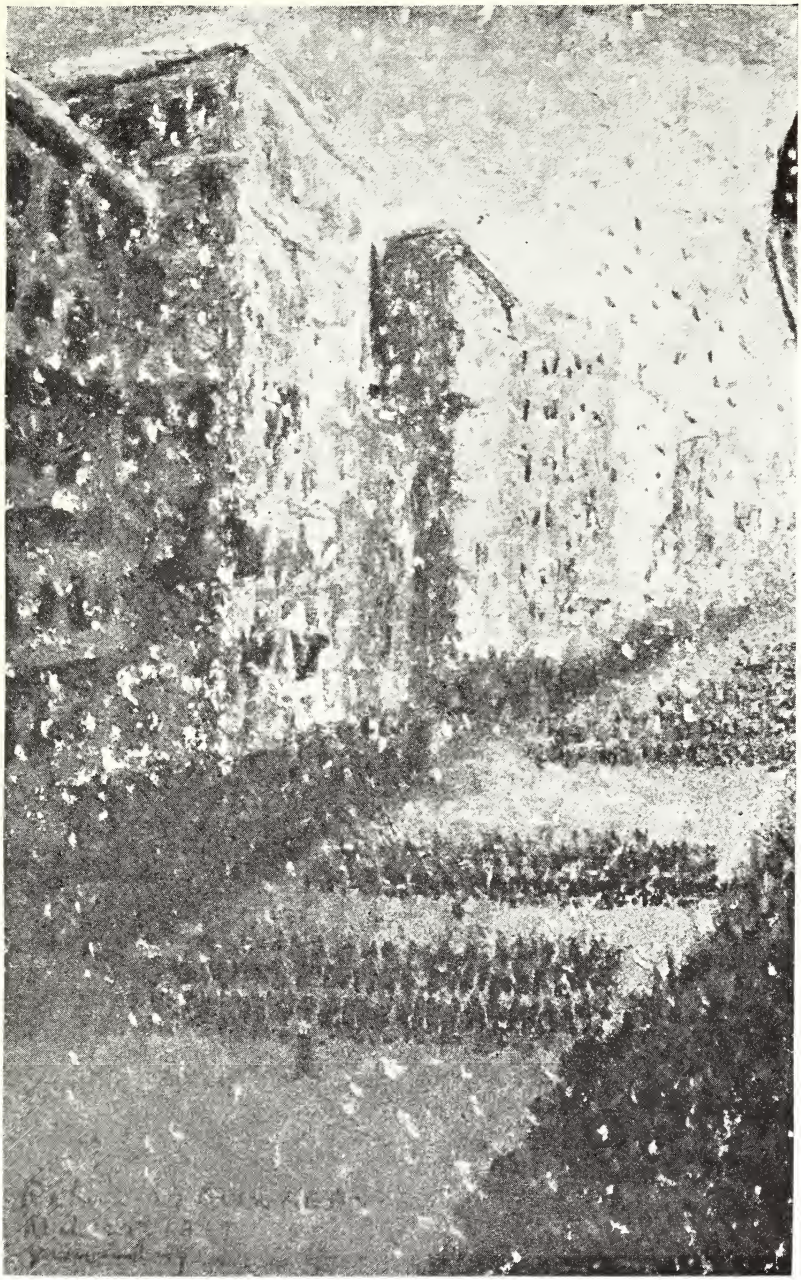
MARCHING LINES



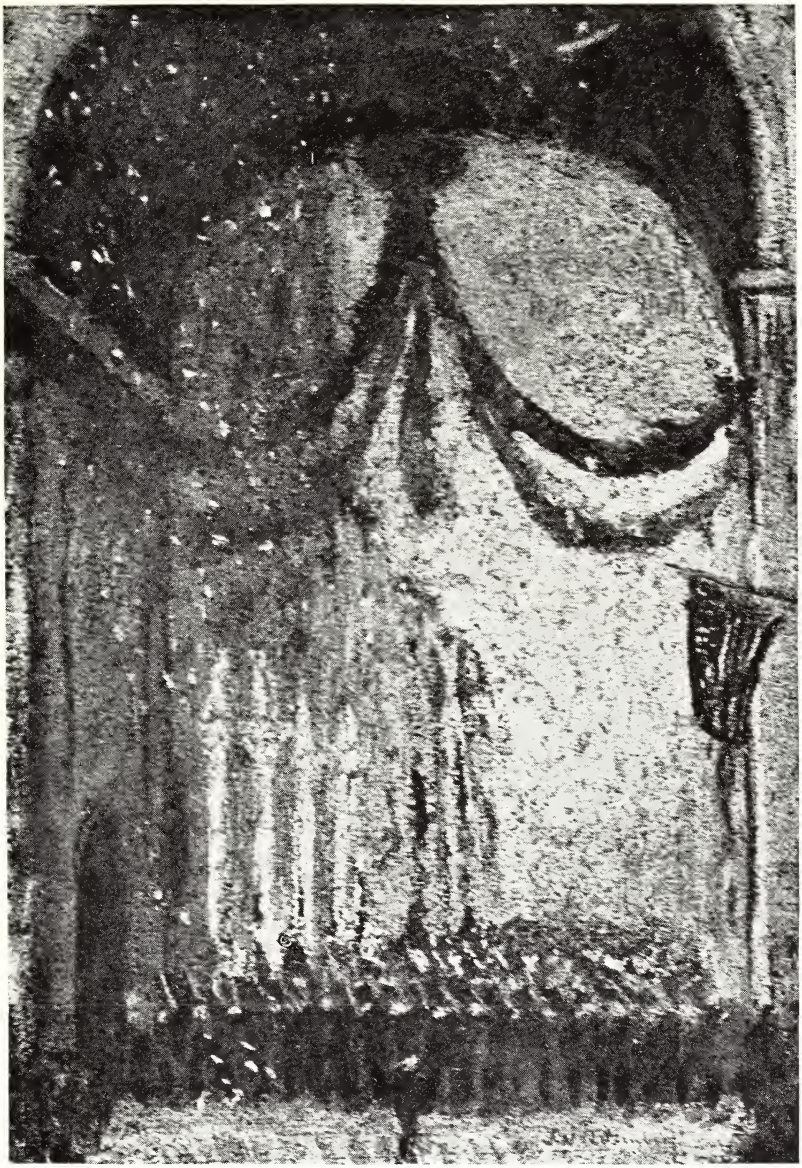
THE CROWDS
PRESSING FROM THE SIDE STREETS

LOOKING UP FIFTH AVENUE

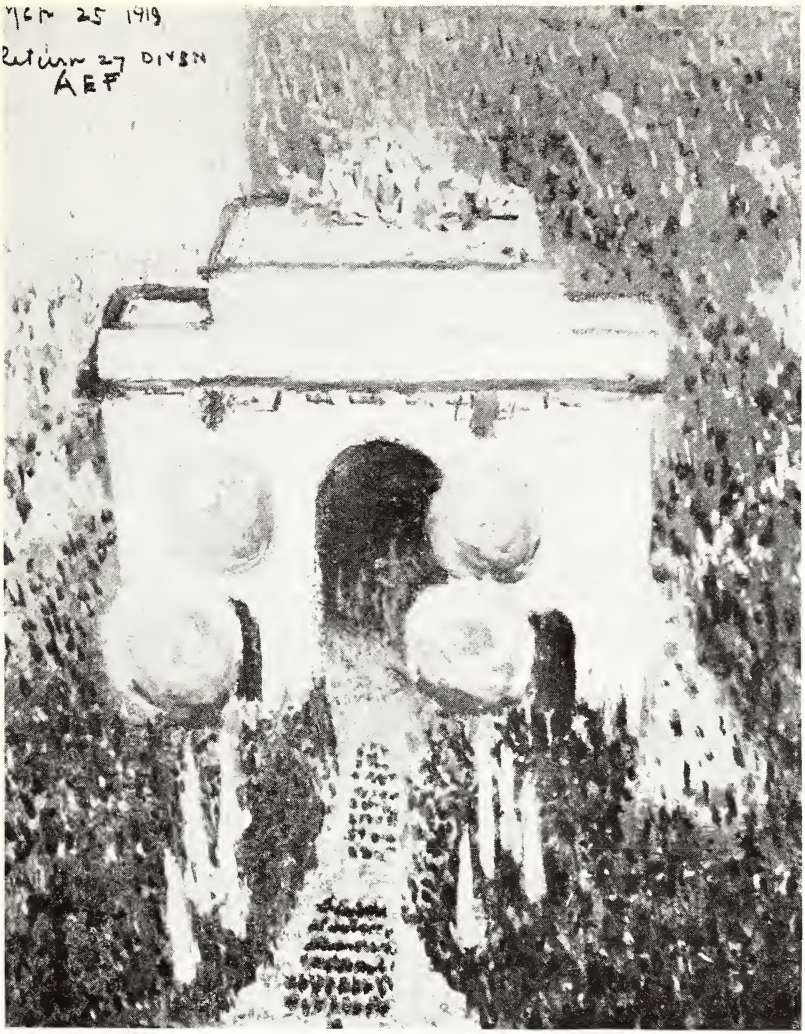
WATCHING FROM
THE TALL BUILDINGS



FLYING PAPER

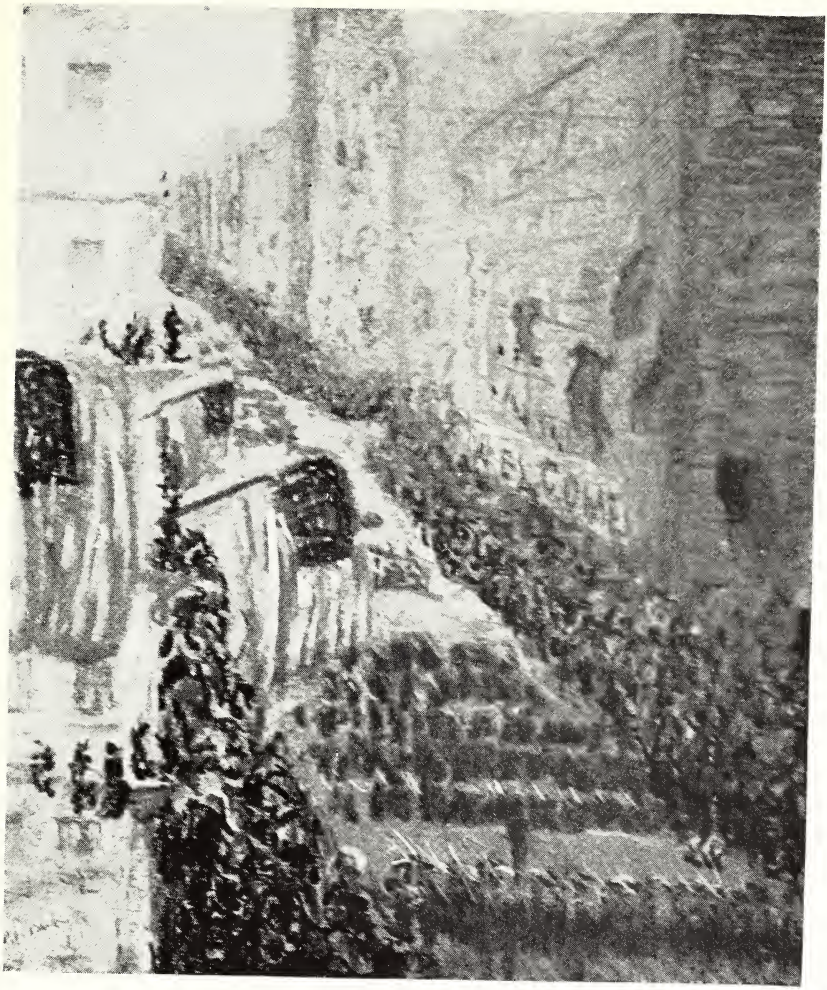


UNDER
THE VICTORY ARCH

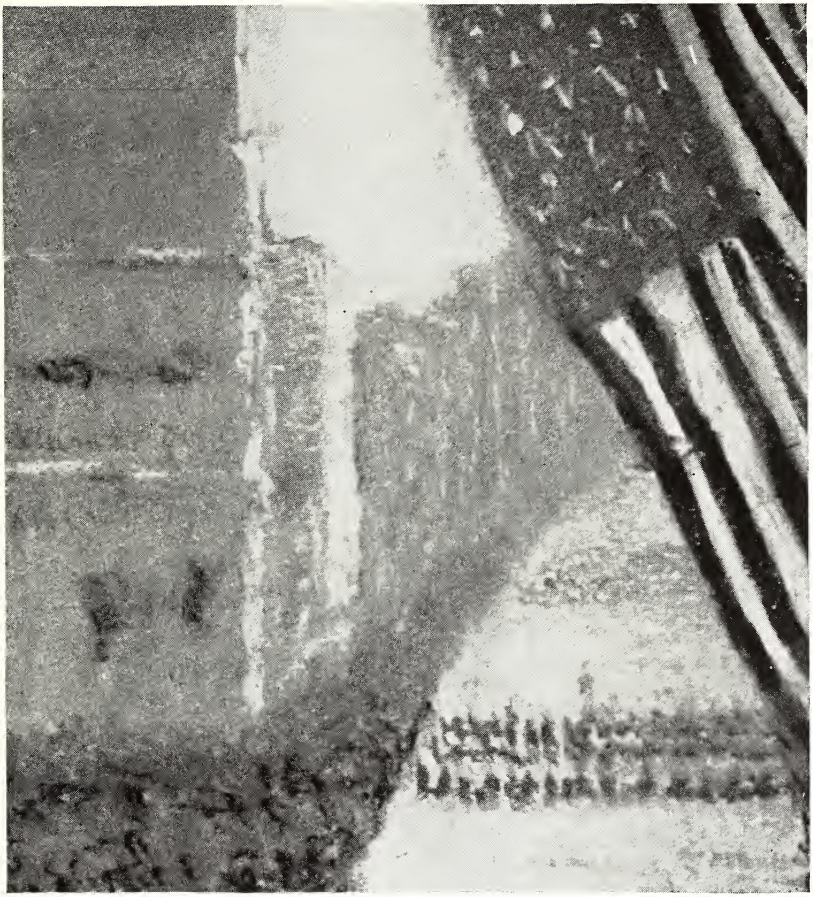


LOOKING DOWN
ON THE VICTORY ARCH

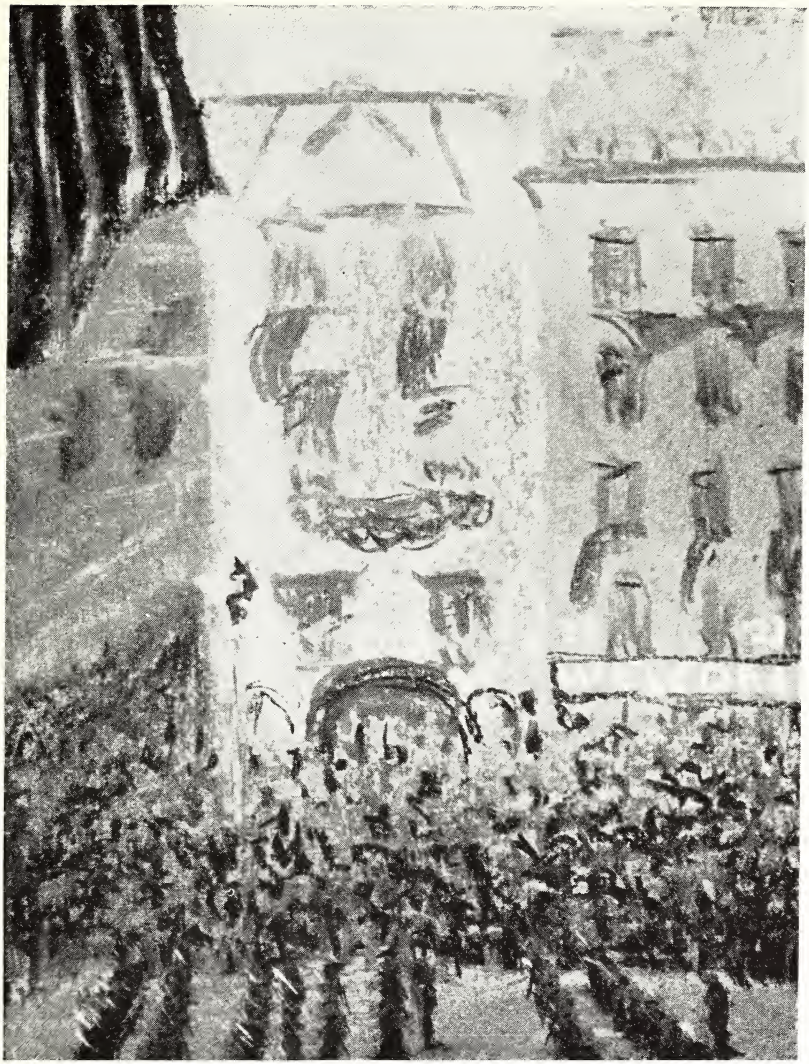
LOWER FIFTH AVENUE



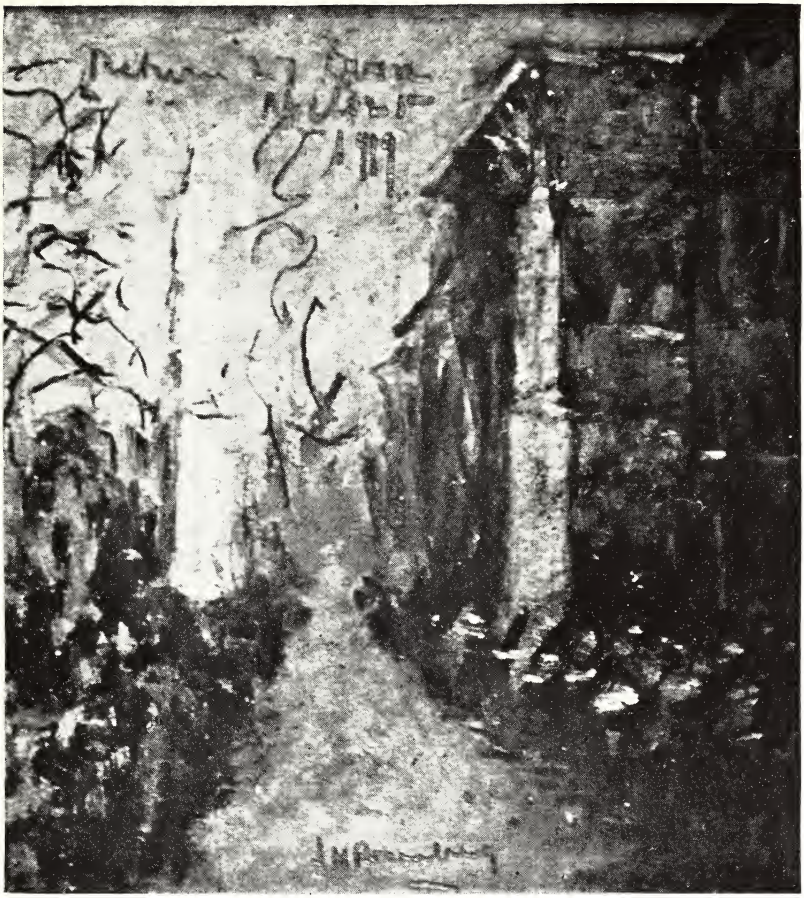
WELCOME HOME



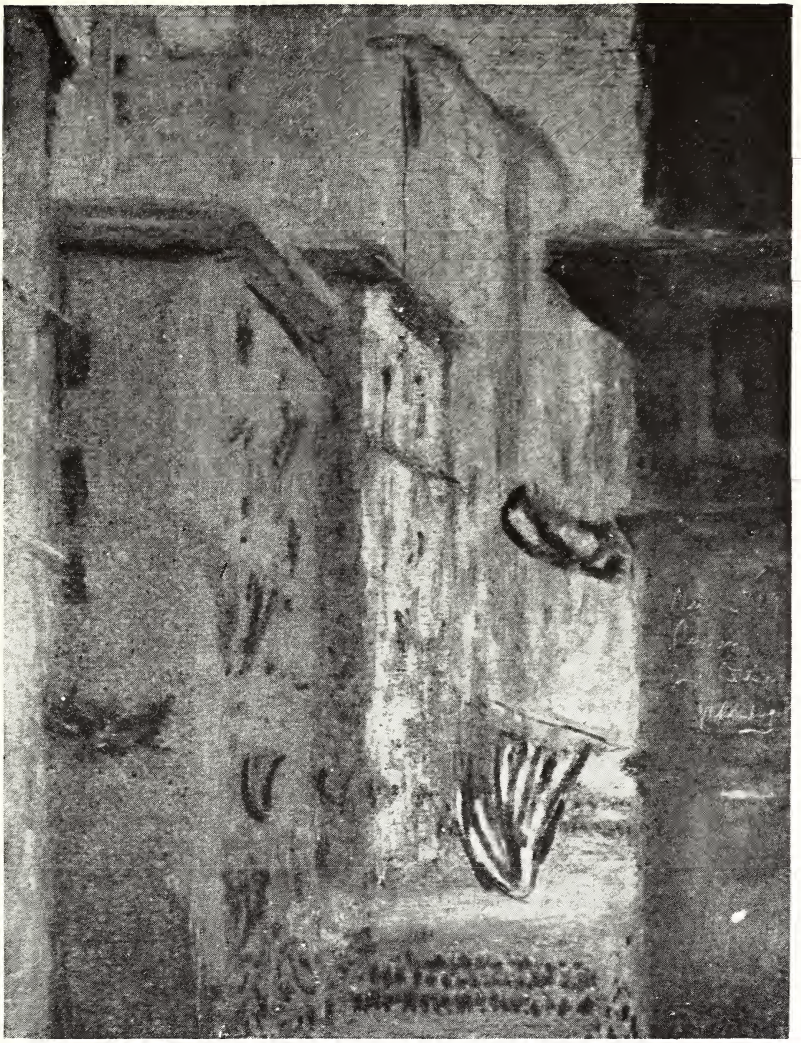
THE BIG FLAG



OPPOSITE DELMONICO'S

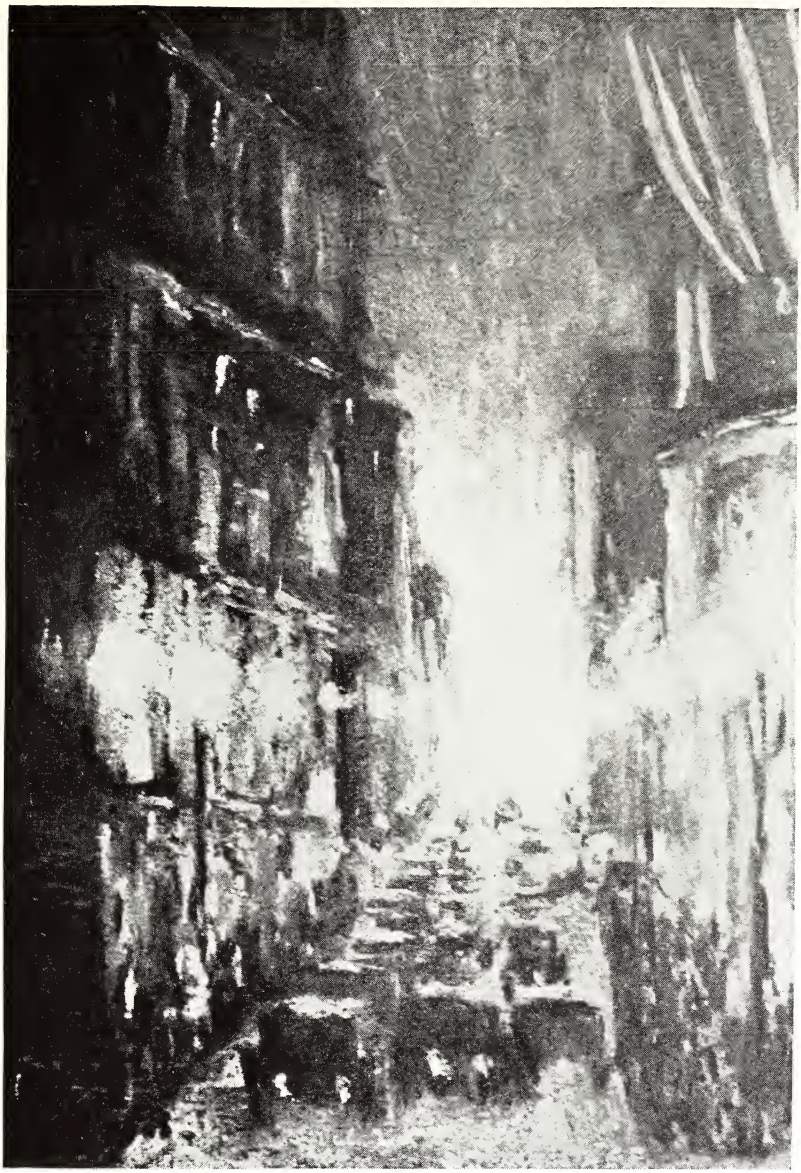


AT NIGHT
THE ARCH OF JEWELS



SEVENTEENTH STREET

THE SEARCHLIGHTS
NEAR FIFTY-NINTH STREET

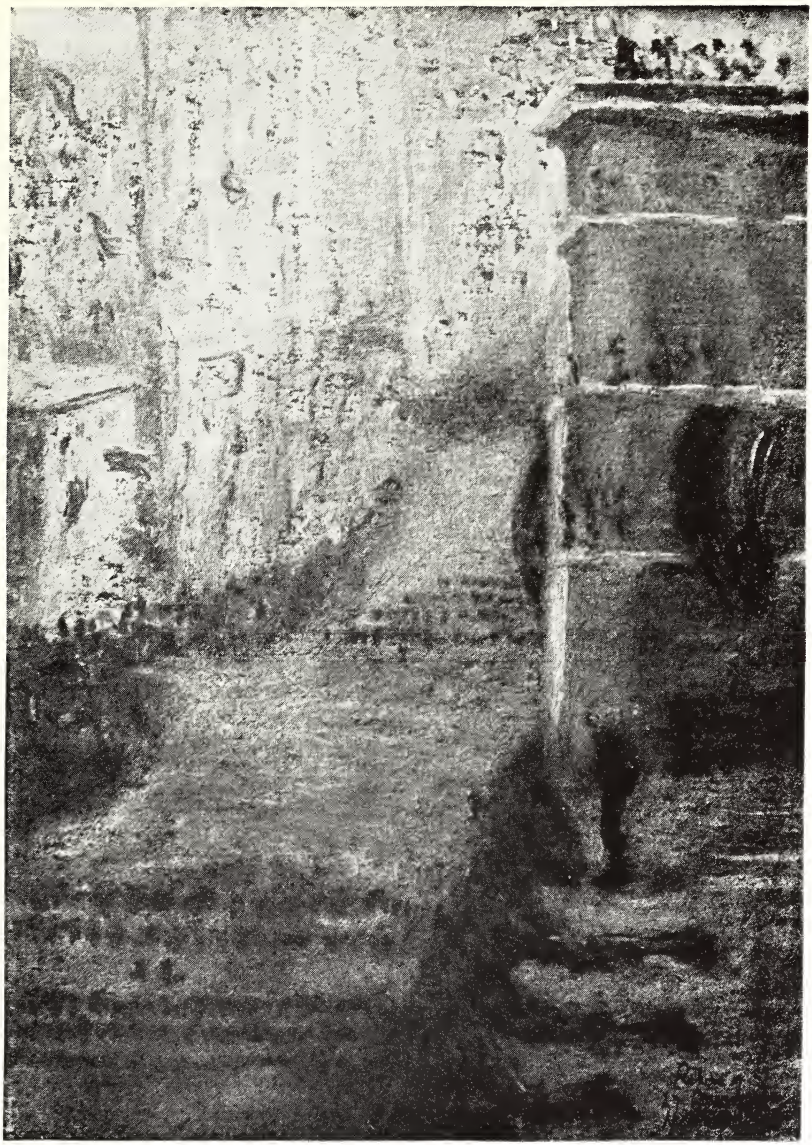


TAXI-CABS

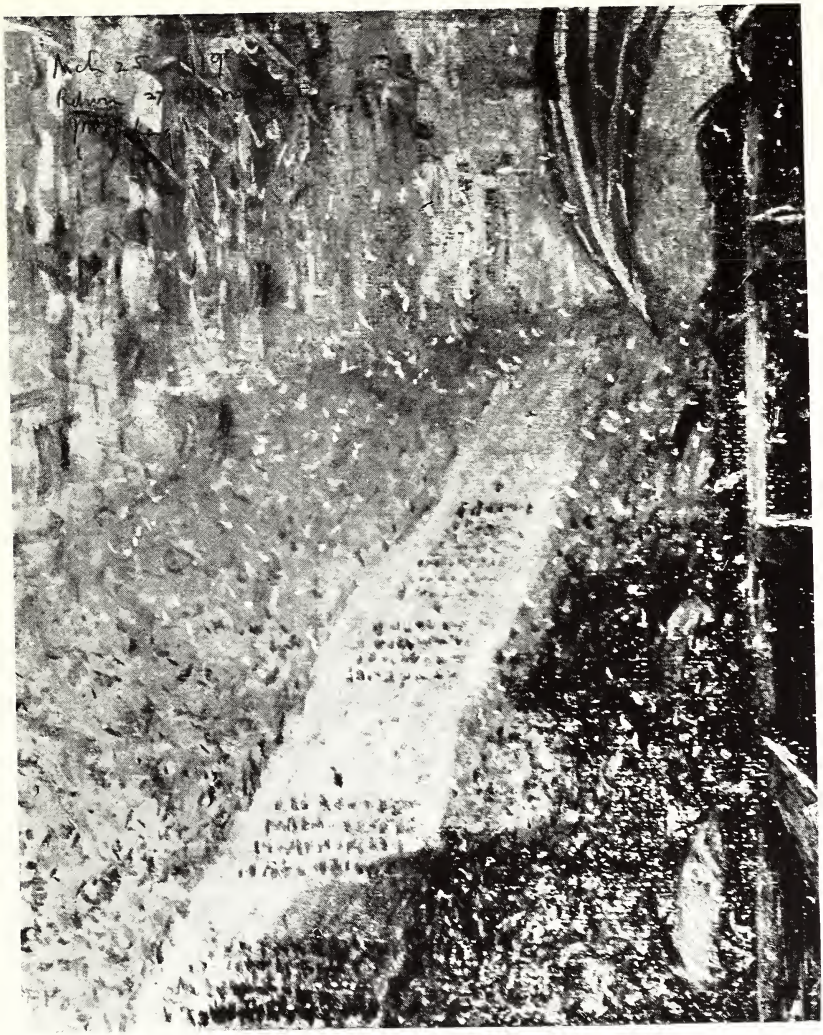
MORE FLYING PAPER

WASHINGTON ARCH

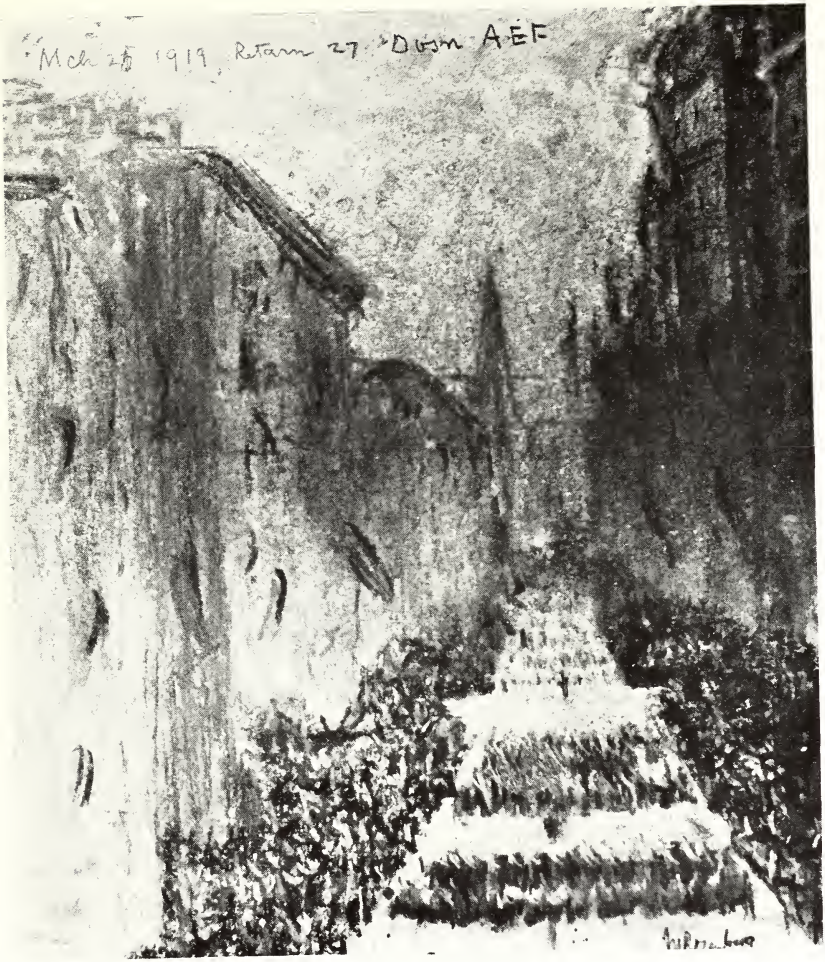
THE VICTORY ARCH



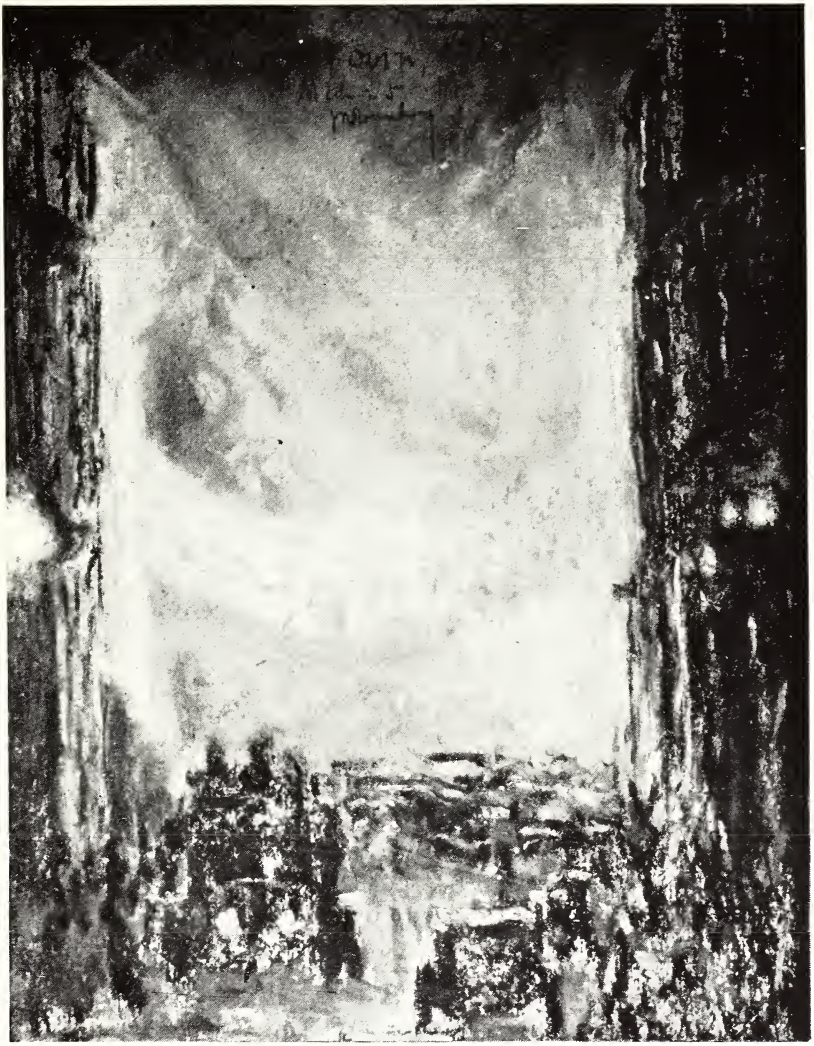
THE ROOF OF DELMONICO'S



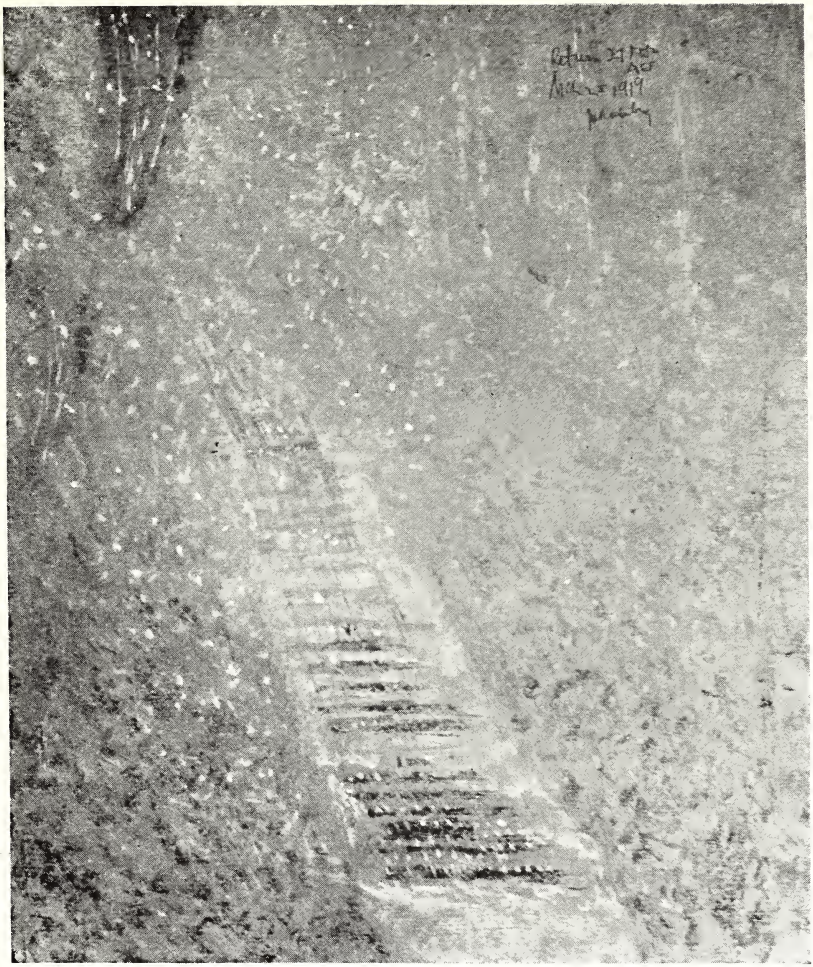
THEY COME



MARCHING MEN



THE YELLOW LIGHTS



THE AVENUE

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